THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1887.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

One of the most interesting missions by in progress is among the Assyrians under a supervision of the Archbishop of Cantertry. These Assyrians number 160,000 souls, ving on the shores of the Caspian ses, partly Turkish and partly in Assyrian territory, be Assyrian church traces its ministry to contoite times. It has suffered owing to the ch of the church traces for the church maily the Assyrian patriarch appealed to the uglish church for bely, and two ministers are sent to them by the Archbishop of Cantertry, and are now laboring among them.

A number of gentleman in this country

A number of gentlemen in this country are undertaken to sreet a monument to St. faul in his native city of Tarsus. The monument will take the practical shape of a training shool for orphans, of whom there are a great many in Chicis. The original conception of his school comes from Mr. Harntune S. Jenansan, a native of Cliota, and now a student in he Union Tapological Seminary of New York, thy. A number of people have already becomes interested in the project, and about \$1,500 a year has been pledged, a sum sufficient be support about fifty children.

poort about fifty children.

se Congregational Year Book for shows that there are in all 4,577 churches as country, having 484,579 members, 4,590 sters, 181,500 Sunday-school scholars.

sare Congregational churches in all the a and Territories except Delaware and the and Territories except Delaware and the Territories except Delaware and the Territories of the United States organized November 17, 1871. It meets third year. The last meeting was at go in 1888, and the next will be at Worr, Mass., in October, 1899.

ster, Mass., in October, 1859.

The religious statistics of Prussia, then in December, 1865, have been published, coording to these the Protestants number 18.—8,567 persons, or 64.45 per cent. of the total opulation; the Catholics, 9,621,684, or 83.97 per put. (of these 1,437 being members of the reak orthodox church); 83,030 or 9.5 per cent. clonging to other Christian denominations; 8,538, or 1.50 per cent. Jews; 155 confessing their religious; 8,539 making no statement of the religious views.

It is a remarkable fact not generally anown that in Ethiopia a people numbering about \$50,000 have the Old Testament in an Ethiopic version and still adhere rigidly to the Mosaic ceremonies and lawa. They are the ohldren of Hebrew immigrants who, in the time of the great dispersion, settled in Abystinia and married wives of that nation.

The Church Army of the Church England, under the patronage and direction of two archbishops and fourteen bishops, has brought forward for confirmation over 8,000 adults, mostly gathered at the street corners and from public houses; has already over 1,000 more adult converts waiting for confirmation; has over 6,000 adult communicants.

The fifth International Sunday-schtion will meet in Chicago on June 1.
tes will be present from each State, Terind Canadian province, and from across
ter, the apportionment in this country
ne delegate to every 40,000 population,
artments of Sunday-school work will be

various missionary societies have ned fleet of from twenty-five to thirty ary vessels—steamers, schooners and five of which belong to the London ary ociety, and three each to the Mismonary Society, the Moravians and trai African Lakes Company.

During the last eight years 61,259 sea firing the mean and bargemen, besides mem-of their families, have taken the piedge of abstinence as members of the Missions to

The surprising fact is noted that while the Wesleyan church in Great Britain had 1,970 ministers, 2t had 21,579 my class-leaders and 15,000 local preachers last year, so that the greater part of its pastoral and preaching work a done by laymen.

The Gospel according to St. Mark, in used Chinese characters, has been published see characters, has been published

The English Presbyterians have begun mission in Morocco, a dark and neglected

It is said that the membership of Mr. purgeon's church, London, now numbers

He Couldn't Foot Her.

I you look under the bed?" inquired a
her husband after he had turned out
ht and got fairly settled for a night's

Well, get up and look; I shall not let you until you do." He knew her of old and after fumbling around found a match, lit it and looked under the bed. Then he threw the match away, got into bed and whispered:

"My deer, there's a man under the bed."

"Oh, get out!" was the quick response.

"You can't fool me. I know bettee."

Then she turned over, perfectly satisfied, and went to alsoy. She had accomplished her object.—Allessy Hees.

Transport of the Hog Law.

No more across Missouri's breast, in balmy sh of even, shall float into the golden West, count that stinks to Heaven. No more the ing porker's yell, upon the air will quiver, rank, ungainly, ghastly smell, pollute a lucid river. Why should we weep as lucid river. Why should we weep as cheel west, because the hog have vanied? Tweee better that they long had ut, and all their odors banished. Farell, oh, how, with crooked talls, and squeaks the state of the

American Painters in Paris.

American Painters in Paris.

cording to the leading French painters, pricase have not made as good a show year as usual at the Salon. Gerome is set as saying that "Tulip Outiners." by thooch, is the best. Enight's "Potato terces" is next in order. Reinhart is praised. A young American named a has just created much interest in Paris circles by come enquisite shatches of the paris of the par

WITHOUT JUSTIPICATION.

As at her disher's gate she stood;
The looked so sweet, she looked so fair,
Her rosy mouth looked on, so good.
She gave a little scream of fright
And pinched my arm, the saucy miss;
Then, seeing there were none in sight,
I clasped her close and stole a kiss.

One, only one, I did not care
To kiss her rosy lips again,
I wrung my hands, I tore my hair,
I ground my teeth in awful pain;
Her lips were soft, but oh, beneath
(The words I said, they were a sin),
She held between her pearly teeth
A little demon of a pin!

—Cincinnati Tunes-Sie

LABAN PRIM

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

[Congressed, 1897.]
Before the war a New Hampshire man with consumption came to Middle Creek valley and taught school and married into one of the many pretty families of poor, mountain girls; he begat one son, Laban Prim, and went the way of an the earth.

By the death of another consumptive brother who had settled in California and

dug gold, the widow Prim obtained a



education was at

the same time continued, for her husband had selected her from among his scholars, no less for her aptness than for her grace. Mother and son expanded together in that civilization of careful Puritan habits, until the forms of speech and even of thought she had been bred to in Maryland disappeared, and Mrs. Prim led the society at the Eastern State capital like a woman of the Mayflower.

She had that panting after perfection and noble unrest which so well becomes some women, and it was tinctured with profound respect for the intellectual emory of her deceased husband, whose image she began to see subtilized and in-deed enlarged in the boy who had never beheld his father to remember him—La-

deed enlarged in the boy who had never beheld his father to remember him—Laban Prim.

The purity of Laban Prim almost made her afraid as his maturity and self-reliance in childhood astonished her.

He never required correction, but rather corrected her, like a young Messiah, his upright walk giving to his slight arrogance the certificate of an unblemished example, and he loved her, too, with the austerity of a faultiess son, so that she never dared to marry again, though opportunities were offered her far above her worldly condition; and she was made for love and caressing. It would have, perhaps, prolonged her life to extend her circle of joy and contact, but the fear of telling her son that she had looked upon a man with favor made her go aside and blush.

For relief she plunged deëper and deeper into missionary work—philanthropy and inquest and crussed for ultimate right—till people asked what race she might have come from to outdo the Puritans in their own land, and he, with all her thinning and fading beauty, the paragon of spiritual zeal.

Some said it was the young man Laban Prim driving his mother onward by his

Prim driving his mother onward by his supervision of her; that if he would only go and do something unreliable it might relieve her—such as fighting the

might relieve her—such as fighting the town bully.

Laban, on the other hand, took from his mother confirmation of his own calm, unboasted consciousness that he was absolute integrity, born of perfect parents, honest at both sources, the fruit of two grafts carefully selected,

where his parent stem had not gone wilfully to wife-finding, but had felt the phenome-nal excellence N

of this one woman and

sifer or vestal noon of Jupiar's austere love. They were separated a doctrine. He would not have understood that.

His idea of right was always confirmed that the second that the second right was always confirmed.

But Laban had become a Stoic for honest reasons and, amongst others, that nobody cared much about him. He was too just to impute this to anything but envy and moral inferiority and required the Stoic philosophy to get along alone.

Besides, he was financially successful Everything he engaged in turned out ultimately well. A few men of ideas and enterprises rather deferred to Laban Prim's cool, self-balanced mental courage and incidental judgment, and let him into their investments, and much of his capital was his well-regulated life.

He was moderate in everything but hate of license and false stewardship, and he was intolerant of opposition, because he knew he was always right. No man differed with him on a public question and continued to be his friend. His path of life was a gauntlet of severed friendships and finished associations.

At last came the hour when he was to be deserted by his mother.

The only difference between them was Death.

Worn out with seeking to reach his

The only difference between them was Death.

Worn out with seeking to reach his just ideal, separated from the little affections and weaknesses of life, "forever in her great taskmaster's eye," and that taskmaster her own magistrate son, Mrs. Prim lay down to die, and he—a millionaire now, a censor and hector in everything concerning his city, State and country, their ethics and their commerce, their persifiage and their biography—was profoundly lonely, profoundly bitter.

God, the unjust, had come to rob him, Laban Prim, the ever-just. Let any man dare to say the contrary!

But the sense of that pure essence of derivation from two picked, selected scions of absolute morality sustained him even in this awful article of death. He could be a Stoic even now. To him it seemed like the death of Seneca, or of "Pembroke's mother," that the Fates had come to take the life of the mother of Laban Prim! He knew they were inexorable, but they must at least feel that he and his descent were as proud and severe as they.

"My son," the mother one day said. "I

and his descent were as proud and severe as they.

"My son," the mother one day said, "I would like to see my sister, from the country of my childhood. She has been all her life very poor and illiterate. I have not seen her since I married your father and he would not let me visit her any more. It lies upon my heart that I have neglected her."

"Mother you have a son, is that not enough?"

enough!"
"Yes, praised be Je— I mean Epictetus, "Yes, praised be Je— I mean Epictetus, Laban! But when you come to die the things and faces of childhood will make a playground of the brain. In my delirium I do not see your father or even you, my noble son, but only my poor sisters and the mountain people again. May I see her, Laban, my last sister?"

Laban asked his grandmother what to do—his father's mother—in such an actroordinary situation.

Laban saked his grandmother what to do—his father's mother—in such an extraordinary situation.

"Do!" exclaimed this very aged lady, herself outlived her generation and all her consumptive children. "Why, obey a dying wish!"

The poor woman came all the way from Middle Creek valley to the streams which rise in the great White Hills. She never thought the world had so many miles in it as she had journeyed, nor half as many people. Her leaving home had been attended by as much excitement as an auction sale or a Dunker love-feast. She came consigned like a Jersey cow, by express, with a label sewed to her calloo hood:

"This Feemail can't reed. Tel her which Kyars to git on fur Bozstoun, Mas. U. S. of Amareca."

She arrived nearly dumb with appre-

U. S. of Amareca."

She arrived nearly dumb with apprehension, incapable of uttering any connected part of a sentence, till she saw her sister on the bed of death, and when they came together with tears and joy, both, by some relapse of self-respect, used the same words in the same instant:

"Why, you ole thing!"

After that his mother seemed to need Lahan Prim less than he had ever known

Laban Prim less than he had ever known.

She would lie on the brink of eternity hearing this illiterate sister run on about things neither of profit nor of relevancy—about the White Rocks, and the last place at the Kattles the killion of

vancy—about the White Rocks, and the last picnic at the Kettles, the killing of one more wildcat in Braddock's Gap, the wedding in Rohrersville and the new priest at The Trap.

Laban's mother would listen, with her soul between that silly tongue and the far-away bells of the future world, and ask in the lapses of silence about the laurel bushes in blossom and the taste of the mountain blackberries.

Not one word about the intellectual man who came from New Hampshire to touch into a celestial spirit the former equal of the prating sister!

And this sister would sit and look without speaking—like a wild cow, all eyes and wonder—at Laban Prim, with his million of dollars.

She never called him "You ole thing."

Grandmother drew near Laban now—Grandmother Prim, usually cold and distant. Now she seemed to feel for him, saying:

"Laban, your friend is going; your last friend."
He drew a mighty sob, but leaned on the calm friendship of Zeno, the Stoic, who died three hundred years before Jesus, and Laban said aloud:

Jesus, and Laban said aloud:

"The passions, which are not rational impulses, must be extirpated, and grief is one of them. Mother will die without religious excitement."

She did. She wandered in her mind, and one day said:

"I hear the cow-bells up in Crampton's Gap. Jing-a-ling! It's milking time and sun is setting; sonny, drive 'em home!"

There was no other sound except the gurgle of that wild old sister's sob, feeling of the cold hands and feet and saying broken-heartedly:

"You ale thing."

roken-heartedly:
"You ole thing!"
In the midst of that night Laban Prim

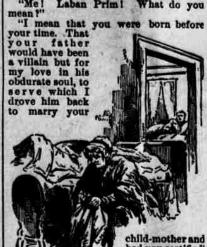
"You meant to steal this?"
She looked into his large, dark, spiritall eyes, so like his consumptive father's,
and saw there a face that might have
accompanied the preaching of the heatisdes to the poor, but in it also was the
sign of the old Meant law—the tables of
these. The did not speak; for the heat-

He handed his grandmother, as she enered, the pocketbook.
"Did you take this?" grandmother

"Did you take this?" grandmother asked.
"Yes'm," the old creature lisped. "She gi'me an me children money. She can't do so no more, and I tuk it."
"Say no more about it, grandson! See, there is a mere trifle in the wallet. Let her keep it."
"Keep the proceeds of a crime?" exclaimed Laban Prim. "Reward corruption? No. She shall be arrested like any lawbreaker. My mother would have assented to the justice of what I say."
"Your mother?" grandmother quietly observed; "assuage your arrogant selfesteem, sir! You shall not make me the victim of it, too; I am too old for such tenderness as she bestowed upon you out of her fear.
Grandmother indicated the dead woman with the bead of moisture at her lip.
"Do you dare to say that she would not have sent this creature to jail?" exclaimed Laban Prim, argued with for the first time in his life. "Pray who are you?"

"And who are you?" grandmother testily replied. "You set yourself too high. What would you have been if I had not made your father do justice to this child, who lies in peace, I hope, and in the humility that so well becomes you, sir?"

sir?"
"Me! Laban Prim! What do you



had you certified With this stigms With this stigms effaced from history you were forever embittering your mother's recollections by claiming for her and for yourself a purity above our animal creation. In the fear of being found out by you—so supernal, so lofty you were—your mother denied herself to her humble kin, and gave away. herself to her humble kin, and gave away, to meet your arrogant wishes, her sociable inclinations, her happiness—yes, her human nature and her God! Bow down, my grandson, to this poor woman, and ask her prayers to make you a little child again!"

He did not kneel nor stay. He rushed forth into the night and walked the streets and stopped at the edge of the deep river to reason like Cato upon suicide.

Then he went to his library and wrote part of an article for a review, to show that the elements he had latterly acted with in ethics, economy and government were a parcel of villains.

THE MAIDEN'S SOLACE. A Brief Chapter of Interesting Facts Con

Bangon, May 5.—The season's logging operations on the Penobscot are over now; the ax swingers are out of the woods and the bar-rooms of Bangor have reaped their usual harvest, while the supply of spruce gum is liberally replentated, and every school girl in town can chew to her heart's

content.

A lump of clear, genuine spruce gum, fresh and fragrant from its native forest, is not to be despised as a chewing substance, and if everybody could get the real article, instead of cheap, adulterated stuff, the army of chewers would be vastly sugmented. The natural gum is said by physicians to be beneficial to the teeth, and it is certainly a great improvement on tobacco. The woodsmen improvement on tobscoo. The woodsmen bring out considerable quantities of gum, sometimes packed in pretty minature barrels,

bring out considerable quantities of gum, sometimes packed in pretty minature barrels, which they whittle and carve from blocks of white pine or cedar during the idle hours by the camp fire, as presents for their friends, but there are people who make a business of gathering gum, and in certain sections of the spruce country it pays well.

Most of the spruce gum handled by the dealers comes from Canada and Northern Mains, while Vermont and New Hampshire contribute a moderate quantity to the total yield. The best gum comes from no particular section, but always from the biggest spruce trees, and it begins to run in July or August, when, in these high latitudes, the sun becomes so hot as to crack the bark. On the limbs, in the crotches, and even in the trunk of the spruce, the moiten gum forms during the heat of summer in all sorts of fantastic shapes, and when oold weather sets in it becomes hard. The first year after its run the gum is white and pitchy, then it begins to turn amber and red, and the second year it is fit to "pick" for the market, although it is better if allowed to remain on the trees until the third year. After the third season the gum remains in the same state for several years, and then begins to turn old," as the pickers say, and the consumer complains that it chews hard," and crumbles up. A little more age makes it dark-colored and bitter, and then its value is gone.

Up hn Canada much of the gum is picked in autumn, beginning as early as October, but there, as in Maine, the best time for the work is during the deep anows of the winter, when snowshoes are used, or in the early spring, when a man can travel along at a lively rate on the heavy crust above the underbrush. The pickers are provided with long poles, on the end of which is fastened a sharp chisel, and underneath that a cup to receive the gum as it is chipped off. Fire cup holds from a pinit to a quart, and when full it is emptied into a long bag which the packer carries alung to his back like a knapsack. These gum harvesters erect

TEMPERANCE.

Current Phases of the War on the Abus-of the Liquor Traffic.

A correspondent of the Voice (Prohibi-A correspondent of the Voice (Prohibi-tion organ) propounds to it the following ques-tions: "If prohibition prohibits, why has Maine, with 648,000 people, 961 men retailing liquors, while Arkansas, where the liquor busi-ness is licensed, with a population of 802,000, has but 659? If prohibition prohibits, why has Kansas, with 966,000 people, 2,818 men retailing liquors, while South Carolina, where the liquor business is licensed, with a population of has but 659? If prohibition prohibits, why has Kansas, with 555,000 people, \$,818 men retailing liquors, while South Carolina, where the liquor business is licensed, with a population of 955,000, has but 935? If prohibition prohibits, why has Iowa, with 1,600,000 people, \$,769 men retailing liquors, while Alabama, where the liquor business is licensed, with a population of 1,500,000, has but 1,085?" The editor replies as follows: "Your facts are but haif-facts. Arkansas, South Carolina and Alabama are largely under local prohibition, which accounts chiefly for the small number of retailers. Maine has not 951, nor Arkansas 2,318, nor Iowa 3,769 retail liquor dealers. What you mean is that there were so many Federal 'permits' issued in those States. But in Maine that includes the forty dealers who were a short time ago languishing at the same time in the Portland jail, in spite of their Federal 'permits.' In Iowa it includes the 100 or more in Sioux City who have been driven out of the State or thrown into jail in spite of their 'permits.' For the Federal 'permit' can be obtained by any one on payment of \$25; but it gives no one the right to violate any laws of the State or city in which he lives. In Maine, Kansas or Iowa a man with a Federal 'permit' can be arrested just as quickly for selling liquor as any other man."

The Bates bill, which is supported by

The Bates bill, which is supported by The Bates bill, which is supported by the Republican caucus in the Michigan Legislature, raises the tax on, all liquor sellers (both those dealing in spirituous and those dealing in malt beverages) to \$500 per annum; those convicted of violating the law are to forfelf the \$500 tax and be debarred from selling during the rest of the year, and a fine may also be imposed; salcons are to be closed at 9 P. M. instead of 10, and both back doors and front doors must be shut; the village or city shall doors must be shut: the village or city shall receive one-half of the tax money, and the rereceive one-half of the tax money, and the remainder shall go to the county; no public official shall sign a liquor bond, and no one connected with the liquor business shall do so; selling or giving liquor to minors in places where intoxicating liquors are sold is to be prima-facie evidence of intent to violate the law; druggists shall not write prescriptions for liquor to be filled by them, and the same prescription shall be used only once; all saloons and places where liquor is sold shall be in a front room on the first floor, and no screens shall be on the windows or doors, nor shall the view of the bar from the sidewalk be in any way obstructed.

way obstructed.

A new prohibitory law has been enacted by the Rhode Island Legislature, the principal features of which are as follows: Making the presence of an excess of two percent, of alcohol in liquor prima-facle evidence that it is intoxicating; giving the chief of State police ten salaried deputies for use in any part of the State; strengthening the seizure section; giving members of the State police authority to arrest and hold a prisoner twelve hours without a warrant; making drunkenness a statutory offense, with a maximum penalty of \$10 fine or ten days' imprisonment; making the keeping of a club-room a penal offense, the the keeping of a club-room a penal offense, the maximum penalty being \$1,000 fine and a year's

Imprisonment.

Dr. W. T. Northrup, a prominent physician at Haverhill, Sciote county, O., was murdered April 27 by Thomas McCoy, a saloon-keeper, and his brother and nephews, because Dr. Northrup had been active in favor of local option. They waylaid him and fired on him with pistois and shotguns. The murderers were arrested and the excitement has been the greater because the murder was committed for the same reason as the Haddock murder in lows. ows.

The temperance sentiment is growing The temperance sentiment is growing in Great Britain. One religious paper, the Christian Commonwealth, has indeed begun to talk about the formation of a Prohibition party in England. Such talk, of course, is premature, but even now there is a strong public opinion in that country in favor of restricting the drink evil. Christian people in England also confess with shame their responsibility for the intemperance of the native races in India.

A bill has been introduced in the Illinois Legislature making it unlawful for any common carrier or other corporation engaged in the transportation of freight or passengers to employ any person in connection with such transportation who uses intoxicating liquors, except as a medicine in actual cases of sick-

The Legislature of Ohio has passed the The Legislature of Onlo has passed the bill requiring that the nature and effects of alcobolic drinks and narcotics on the human system shall be taught in the public schools. Onlo is the eighteenth State that has now enacted such a law.

A sum (\$8,000 or more) has been subscribed in Louisville, by liquor-dealers, to be used in the fight in Texas over a prohibitory amendment to the State constitution. The Texan campaign is becoming very exciting At Fall River, Mass., on April every one of the 300 liquor licenses expired, and prohibition under the no-license law went into effect. The town had got \$40,000 a year

revenue from this source. Couldn't Hatch Eggs Little Johnny (to sister's beau)—You don't look like you could hatch eggs.
Sister's Beau—Why, Johnny, what put that notion into your head?
"Why, I heard Sis tell ma you was the best setter she ever saw."

Exit Johnny, followed by a shingle in the hands of his sister.—Neuman Independent.

It Was His Jacket. A Boston woman, shopping for a wrap, saw what she thought she would like lying on the counter, and, picking it up, said to the clerk: "I should like this one. It is very handsome, except for all that common passementerie on the front." "Excuse me, madam," said a voice in cold displeasure behind her, "excuse me, that is my jacket, which I've just laid off to try on another!"

Wanted to Lend a Hand.

The city marshal of Portsmouth started from his office the other day as fast as he could run, because he wanted to catch a train, then about due. Bystanders, supposing it was a chase for a thief, joined in the run, and by the time the perspiring officer had reached the platform of his train at least fifty men and boys were close at his heels.

A Handy Kind of a Girl. A fourteen-year-old girl of Pittsfield, Mass., worked all last winter in the woods with her lather, taking a man's place. She took care of her team of four oxen and hauled logs from the woods to the mill at West Athens, working many days when most men would have pronounced it very rough to be on the road.

"A very appropriate wedding took place in Boston the other day," remarked Staggers. "A Cincinnati man married a Boston giri." "What was there so appropriate about that?" asked Scroggs.

"A union of pork and beans, you see."— Big Enough to be More Than Half.

Little Ethel—Daisy, who was dat dave you dat tandy?

Little Daisy—Dat was my half-brother.

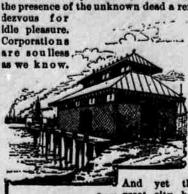
"Will you please pass the butter?" said the landledy's daughter to the star boarder. "I'm sorry," replied the latter, who was a railway clark, "but the new isw prohibits all passes."—Tid-Site.

THE MORGUE.

HOW A GREAT CITY TAKES CARE OF ITS DEAD.

he Foreign Practice of Exposing the Bodies of the Unknown Dead to Public View Abandoned—The Modern Charon That Conveys 6,700 Corpses Every Year.

The morgue of New York is closed to the public. No longer can those whose morbid tastes incline them that way linger amid the shocking scenes there, coming and going of their own free will as they used to, and making the presence of the unknown dead a rendezvous for



great city has shown humanity enough to Prespect its nameless dead. For nearly if not quite two centuries the surrendered victims of the rivers and the bodies of those

who die amid mystery in the streets and public houses and institutions have been exposed in our morgue, whose doors were open day and night. Latterly this funereal nstitution had become a copy of those where the dead of Paris and London are collected-a bare room fitted with tablelike slabs of marble on which the dead rested beneath a gentle spray of cold water, whose limped clatter added another element of impressive ghastliness to the place-a damp and chilling feeling clothed with a silence that the trickling of the water emphasized and made the more apparent. The nondescript humanity that rested thus was covered so as to leave only the faces exposed, linen sheets being employed for the purpose, while the clothing and contents of the pockets were heaped on the foot of each slab to aid in identifying their former possessors. This was all copied from the European plan based on the idea that the surest means of identifying the unfortunate was to expose them to the public. Unless I am very much mistaken, this custom still obtains in Lon don, Paris, Berlin and the other capitals. But in New York our idle folks and sight-seeing neighbors will ever more remain deprived of this most awful and



oughly con-vinced that the method did not serve the purpose for which t was intended. Of the citizens, only the vicious

and vagrant part of the population availed themselves of the privilege, and as to the strangers that strayed into the tomblike room, no good came of their visits. Instead of aiding identification, pub-licity hindered it, for timid and gentle folks shrank from inspecting the dead under the gaze of an idle crowd, and even when a glance showed them that the body they were seeking was lying before them they went away without making a sign of recognition rather than betray their secrets, their shame or their grief, for the edification of heartless on-

for the edification of heartless onlookers.

Now the white-washed basement windows once so full of shrinking interest to
so many who used to pass them at the
foot of East Twenty-sixth street, without
daring to venture in behind them,
are closed. The gate is locked. Dust
has settled on the sills and copings and
the place not only looks but is as lifeless
as the objects it was built to receive. The
slabs are idle, the showering faucets over
them are dry and abandoned, the room is
dark and deserted. The new "dead-house"
the city has built has taken the place of
the morgue. It is only seventy-five feet
away from the old one, but it might as
well be ten miles distants of ar as the public is concerned, for it is within the high
walled yard of Bellevue Hospital, entrance
to which can only be had by those having
business there. This dead-house is a
great barn-like iron building built above
the water and possessed of a cement
floor and ventilated roof. It is an awesome place only to those who are very
imaginative, for in plain fact it is light
and clean and wholesome to the senses.
The sunshine pours in the great doorways and the fresh breath of the river
blows constantly through it. Its only
furniture is a light iron framework
around the sides, on which the plain pine
coffins made in the city's workshop reat
when they are filled awaiting removal.

Six thousand seven hundred dead are
taken to this place every year. Not all
are nameless. The dead of the waterside

when they are filled awaiting removal.

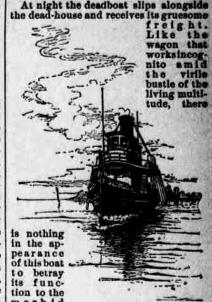
Six thousand seven hundred dead are taken to this place every year. Not all are nameless. The dead of the waternide only number between 120 and 150 a year, and Providence so operates that not all of these are doomed to nameless graves. But the great majority in this silent army that marches forever to our Potter's field are those who die in the hospitals and asylums and are known by name and previous occupation, but are not claimed or cared for by relations or friends, if any such they have. Next in number come the dead of the poor—most shocking and pitital of all—the dead whom the city tears from the loving but helpless arems of kindred too poor to minister to their last nectative.

dead-wagon. Nothing, it seems to me, more interesting in the government our city than the work of the dead wagon. Not five thousand of one off zens know it when they see it, or conducting the seems to me the peculiar about it. It is an undertaker wagon, a black, lightly-made vehicle boxed over and with double doors in the back, but without any name or numb anywhere upon it. With this becomes modesty of appearance it goes upon it endless, busy rounds, silently seeking that which is somehow essential to on vast accumulation of humanity and ye which diagraces our civilization, our Christianity, aye, and our humanity.

This dead wagon lies up at Bellevue Hospital, where word is sent of every death in which the city must interest itself. A man falls dead in the street, a babe dies in an asylum, a hospital charity patient masses away a versant uncare.

self. A man falls dead in the street, a babe dies in an asylum, a hospital charity patient passes away, a vagrant surrender a wrecked life in a station-house cell, a ruin of dissipated humanity expires in a lodging-house or cheap hotel, or a drowned person is found in the water and tied to a wharf. In every such instance word is sent from the precinct station-house to the driver of the dead wagon and he leaps to his seat and goes in search of his mortuary freight. Each unknown arrival is photographed, all possible means of identification are advertised and the "vacated tenement of clay" is kept for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, and the "vacated tenement of clay" is kept for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, during which time all who seek missing friends or relatives are at perfect liberty to visit the dead-house and prosecute their search there. A record is kept of each case and the system of burial is such that even after the passage of many years any remains may be recovered and re-moved.

At night the deadboat slips alongside the dead-house and receives its gruesome



morbid morbid
seeker after sensation. It is simply
a tug, as we call our strong and
noisy little towing propellers. It bears
no such sign as "the dead boat;" it is
not called "the Charon" or "the Styx."
Its sign announces the familiar word
"Fidelity." Thousands see it every day,
and seeing it observe no difference between it and the hundreds of tugs that
nuff up and whistle busily along our

and seeing it observe no difference between it and the hundreds of tugs that puff up and whistle busily along our waterways. Its destination, when it leaves the funeral wharf at Twenty-sixth street is Hart's island, up where the East river pours into the sound. This is one of a chain of islands made use of by the city for the maintenance of its penal and charitable institutions in needed separation from the people and the homes of the metropolis. Hart's island has upon it the infant or foundling asylum, a hospital and the Potter's field.

This Potter's field is simply a tract of bare ground unmarked by monuments or slabs, or even boards, but rapidly becoming usurped by the trenches that necessarily follow one another side by side in quick succession. Into these trenches the city's coffins are lowered seven on top of one another and nine lengthwise, end to end. Each coffin, in place of the little plate of metal that loving regard urges us to attach to the headboard, is marked with a number grooved out of the rough pine with a record is teach of the second of the second of the second is teached. neadboard, is marked with a number grooved out of the rough pine with a round chisel. A record is kept of this number, including, all that is known of the body that it is meant to help to identify. Of the thousands of human remains that lie interred here few will ever be disturbed. be disturbed. The moaning wife, in the bare and cheerless tenement, who sees the city's agent carry away the mortal the city's agent carry away the morta remains of her husband, vows in heart breaking earnestness that she will work and toil and save to have that loved dus returned to her and reinterred among its returned to her and reinterred among its kin, by the years pass and time brings no betterment of circumstances. It is so with poor mothers, with indigent fathers and sons, whose kindred dying, are wrested from them by the law and by the logic of necessity. They assure themselves that they will reclaim their own; but alas! seldom, very seldom, does the wheel of fortune turn so that they have the means to gratify this natural, earnest wish born of instinct and of duty. Let it be said to the credit of one class of our fellow-men that they seldom allow so dread a fate as burial in the Potter's field to overtake their kind. These are the Hebrews. Nothing is more often encountered by visitors to the yard of Bellevue Hospital than the

often encountered by visitors to the yard of Bellevue Hospital than the concurious ceremonies of a Jewish burial service over a coffin resting on the flagging of the court behind the morgue. The robed, bearded rabbi, with his book in hand, recites the written words of the service, while men of his religion, few or many as the case may be, stand about with moistened eyes and uncovered heads. Often not even the name of the dead is known; sometimes it is only a matter of conjecture that in life the soul of a Hebrew inhabited that flesh. In all cases where the name and religion are positively known but there is no relative able to do his duty by the dead, the Hebrew Free Burial Society undertakes the humane task and inters the remains in a brew Free Burial Society undertakes the humane task and inters the remains in a Jewish cemetery with ceremonies such as all the dead deserve and with a neat grave and headstone to testify to the humanity of this conscientious people. The accept does not undertake burials where there is nothing but conjecture to ally the body with their race, but almost always it happens that wealthy Hebrews see the death notice or hear of the case and recompense the society for performing this rite. The large Hebrew institutions, their hospitals, homes and asylums, all bury their dead. This is not done by any Christian corporation of those seets in the city. Only the Hebrews do it.

"I hear that you are going to get a shortly, my dear X. Is it a love main marriage of convenience?"

"Well, you see, the matter stand My intended is exceedingly plain, owns a large fortune; so that as real looks it may he styled a marriage of clance, but with respect to her fortune match."